

The history

Where is my wit? I know not what I speake, (wisely,

Tro. Well know they what they speake, that speake so

Cres. Perchance my Lord I show more craft then loue,

And fell so roundly to a large confession.

To angle for your thoughts, but you are wise,

Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,

Exceeds mans might that dwells with gods aboue,

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman.

As if it can I will presume in you,

To feed for age her lampe and flames of loue.

To keepe her constancy in plight and youth,

Out-living beauties outward, with a mind,

That doth renew swifter then blood decays,

Or that persuation could but thus conuince me,

That my integrity and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight,

Of such a winnowed purity in loue,

How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,

I am as true as truths simplicity,

And simpler then the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that ile war with you, Tro. O vertuous fight,

When right with right warres who shalbe most right,

True swains in loue shal in the world to come

Approue their trueth by Troylus, when their times,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,

Wants simele's truth tyrd with iteration.

As true as Steele, as plantage to the moone.

As sunne to day: as turtle to her mate,

As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th' Center,

After all comparisons of truth.

(As truths antheintique author to be cited)

As true as Troylus, shall croune vp the verse,

And sanctifie the numbers,

Cres. Prophet may you bee,

If I bee false or swarue a hayre from truth,

When time is ould or hath forgot it selfe,

When water drops haue worn the stones of Troy,

And blind oblivion swallowd Citties vp.

And

of Troylus and Cresseida.

And mighty states character-les are grated,

To dusty nothing, yet let memory,

From false to false among false mayds in loue,

Vpbraid my falsehood, when th' haue said as false,

As ayre, as water, wind or sandy earth,

As Fox to Lambe; or Wolfe to Heifers Calfe,

Pard to the Hind, or stepdame to her Sonne,

Yea let them say to sticke the heart of falsehood,

As false as Cressid.

Pand. Go to a bargaine made, seale it, seale it ile bee the

witnes here I hold your hand, here my Cozens, if euer you

proue false one, to another since I haue taken such paine to

bring you together let all pittifull goers betweene be cald

to the worlds end after my name, call them all Panders, let

all constant men be Troylusses all false woemen Cressids, and

all brokers betweene panders; say Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Wherevpon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed be-

cause it shall not speake of your prety encounters presse it to

death; away.

Exeunt.

And Cupid grant all tong-tide maydens here,

Bed, chamber, Pander to provide this geere.

Exit.

Enter Vlisses, Diomed, Nestor, Agamem, Chalcas.

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I haue done,

Th'aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,

To call for recompence: appere it to mind,

That through the fight I beare in things to loue,

I haue abandond Troy, left my possession,

Incurd a traytors name, exposd my selfe,

From certaine and posselt conueniences,

To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all,

That time acquaintance, custome and condition,

Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:

And here to doe you seruice am become,

As new into the world, strange, ynacquainted:

I do beseech you as in way of last,

To giue me now a little benefit.

F 4

Out